



# IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE

PARENTAL  
**ADVISORY**  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Point Of No Return"

*[Talking]*

Yeah... It's that real this time around  
Immortal Technique... Revolutionary Vol. 2  
It's on now motherfucker..  
Lock and load!

*[Verse 1]*

This is the point of no return I could never go back  
Life without parole, up state shackled and trapped  
Living in the hole, lookin' at the world through a crack  
But fuck that, I'd rather shoot it out and get clapped  
I've gone too far, there ain't no coming back for me  
Auschwitz gas chamber full of Zyklon-B  
Just like the Spanish exterminating Tainos  
Raping the black and Indian women, creating Latinos  
Motherfuckers made me out of self-righteous hatred  
And you got yourself a virus, stuck in the Matrix  
A suicide bomber strapped and ready to blow  
Lethal injection strapped down ready to go  
Don't you understand they'll never let me live out in peace  
Concrete jungle, guerrilla war out in the streets  
Nat Turner with the sickle pitch fork and machete  
The end of the world, motherfucker you not ready  
This is the point of no return and nobody can stop it  
Malcolm little when he knelt before Elijah Muhammad  
The comet that killed the dinosaurs, changing the earth  
They love to criticize they always say I change for the worse  
Like prescription pills when you miss-using them nigga  
The Templar Knights when they took Jerusalem nigga  
And figured out what was buried under Soloman's Temple  
Al Aksa the name is not coincidental  
I know too much, the government is trying to murder me  
No coming back like cutting your wrist open vertically  
How could a serpent be purposely put in charge of the country  
Genetic engineered sickness spread amongst me  
My people are so hungry that they attack without reason  
Like a fuckin' dog ripping off the hand that feeds him  
Immortal Technique is treason to the patriot act  
So come and get me motherfucker cause I'm not coming back

*[Hook]*

This is the point from which I could never return  
And if I back down now then forever I burn  
This is the point from which I could never retreat  
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace  
This is the point from which I will die and succeed  
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed

From now on it can never be the same as before  
Cause the place I'm from doesn't exist anymore

[Verse 2]

This is the point of no return nigga you better believe this  
Mary Magdalen giving birth to the children of Jesus  
The evolution of the world, bloody and dramatic  
Human beings killing monkeys to conquer the planet  
The kingdoms of Africa and Mesopotamia  
Machine gunnin' your body with depleted uranium  
This is the age of micro chips and titanium  
The dark side of the moon and contact with aliens  
I started out like Australians, criminal minded  
Broke into hell, tore it down, and built a city behind it  
SouthPaw, murderous, methodology nigga  
Remember that I'm just a man don't follow me nigga  
Cause once you past the point you can never go home  
You've got to face the possibility of dying alone  
So tell me motherfucker, how could you die for the throne?  
When you don't even got the fuckin' heart to die for your own  
It rains acid, one day the earth will cry from a stone  
And you'll be lookin' at the world livin' inside of a dome  
Computerized humanity living inside of a clone  
This is the place where the unknown is living and real  
Wormwood the planet X and the seventh seal  
Universal truth is not measure in mass appeal  
This is the last time that I kneel and pray to the sky  
Cause almost everything that I was always ever told was a lie

[Hook]

This is the point from which I could never return  
And if I back down now then forever I burn  
This is the point from which I could never retreat  
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace  
This is the point from which I will die and succeed  
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed  
From now on it can never be the same as before  
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# Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Peruvian Cocaine"

(feat. C-Rayz Walz & others)

*[Intro: from the film "Scarface"]*

*[Host:]* I've heard whispers about the financial support  
your government receives from the drug industry.

*[Guest:]* Well, the irony of this, of course, is that  
this money, which is in the billions, is coming from  
your country. You see, you are the major purchaser of  
our national product, which is of course cocaine.

*[Host:]* On one hand, you're saying the United States  
government is spending millions of dollars to  
eliminate the flow of drugs onto our streets. At the  
same time, we are doing business with the very same  
government that is flooding our streets with cocaine.

*[Guest:]* Mmm-hmm, si, si. Let me show you a few other  
characters that are involved in this tragic comedy.

*[Beat starts]*

*[Two Men Speak in Spanish]*

*[Immortal Technique - Worker]*

I'm on the border of Bolivia, working for pennies  
Treated like a slave, the coca fields have to be ready  
The spirit of my people is starving, broken and sweaty  
Dreaming about revolution (REVOLUTION!) looking at my machete  
But the workload is too heavy to rise up in arms  
And if I ran away, I know they'd probably murder my moms  
So I pray to "Jesus Cristo" when I go to the mission  
Process the cocaine, paste and play my position

*[Pumpkinhead - Cocaine Field Boss]*

OK, listen Juan Valdez, just give me my product  
Before we chop off ya hands for worker's misconduct  
I got the power to shoot a copper, and not get charged  
And it would be sad to see your family in front of a firing squad  
So to feed your kids, I need these bricks  
40 tons in total, let me test it, indeed I *[sniff]*  
Shit, this is good, pass me a tissue  
And don't worry about them, I paid off the officials

*[Diabolic - Peruvian Leader]*

Yo, it don't come as a challenge, I'm the son of some of the foulest  
Elected by my people...the only one on the ballot  
Born and bred to consult with feds, I laugh at fate

And assassinate my predecessor to have his place  
In a third-world fascist state, lock the nation  
With 90% of the wealth in 10% of the population  
The Central Intelligence Agency takes weight faithfully  
The finest type of China white and cocaine you'll see

*[Tonedeff - American Drug Distributor]*

Honey I'm home, nevermind why our bank account's suddenly grown  
It's funny, we're so out of this debt from this money we owe  
Would've ya...mind if I told you I had two governments overthrown  
To keep our son enrolled in a private school, and to keep ya tummy swollen  
C'mon, our fuckin' home was built on the foundation of bloody throats  
The hungry stolen of they souls, of course this country's runnin' coke  
I took a stunted oath to hush the one's who know  
But CIA conducts the flow of these young hustlers who lust for dough

*[Poison Pen - Drug Dealer]*

I don't work in the hood (Hit my connect)  
Plus what's really good, they supply for the hood  
These dudes fucking crack me up, scrutinize like we inferior  
Petrified when we meet in my area (calm down)  
My dude's'll shoot until I say so, got the loot?  
Give me the YAY YAY like Ice Cube, so don't play with my lloello  
We won't stop for you bastards  
Must choose (?), chop it and bag it

*[Loucipher - Undercover Police Officer]*

Taking pictures and tapping phones  
Debating snitches and cracking codes  
Past a couple, blast the fo',  
Want any hustler stacking dough with probably crack the blow  
And my overtime is where your taxes go  
I gain your trust  
Get you to hand weight to us because we paid up front  
On the low with cameras taping ya  
Getting pop away? The prison sentence is going to  
Make the officer leave with two ki's out the evidence room

*[C-Rayz Walz - Prison Inmate]*

Out the evidence room *[Said with Loucipher]*  
Went my fame, truck, boat or plane, they watching you  
You think you got work? They copping too  
We control blocks, they lock countries  
Ya own companies, we had nice cars and sneaker money  
Now there's players out there, talking 'bout the holding  
With bugs in they house like they down South with windows open  
Your dough ain't long, you wrong, you take shorts and (?)  
Feds will be up in your mouth...like forks and spoons  
So enjoy the rush, live plush off Coke bread  
Soon you'll be in a cell with me, like Jenny Lopez  
In school, I was a bully, now life is fully a joke  
I keep a flow on a boat for Peruvian Coke  
Players do favors for governors and tax makers

Fat Quakers smoke crack and sex acts with bad mayors

The walls got ears, you big mouths probably scared

Not prepared to do years like Javier

*[Immortal Technique Speaking]*

The story just told is an example of the path that drugs take on their way to every neighborhood, in every state of this country. It's a lot deeper than the niggas on your block. So when they point the finger at you, brother men, this is what you've got to tell them:

*[Wesley Snipes - from "New Jack City"]*

I'm not guilty. YOU'RE the one that's guilty. The lawmakers, the politicians, the Colombian drug lords, all you who lobby against making drugs legal. Just like you did with alcohol during the prohibition. You're the one who's guilty. I mean, c'mon, let's kick the ballistics here: Ain't no Uzi's made in Harlem. Not one of us in here owns a poppy field. This thing is bigger than (Immortal Technique). This is big business. This is the American way.

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Harlem Streets"

### [Verse 1]

Yeah.... Harlem streets stay flooded in white powder  
Like those motherfuckers running away from the Twin Towers  
    Gun shots rock the earth like a meteor shower  
    Bowling For Columbine, fair, giving the media power  
    Innocence devoured like a chicken spot snack box  
    Government cocaine cooked into ghetto crack rock  
    Corrupt cops false testimony at your arraignment  
Check to check, constant struggle to make the payments  
Working your whole life wondering where the day went  
The subway stays pakced like a multi-cultural slave ship  
    It's rush hour, 2:30 to 8, non stoppin'  
And people coming home after corporate share croppin  
    And fuck flossin, mothers are trying to feed children  
    But gentrification is kicking them out of their building  
    A generation of babies born without health care  
Families homeless, thrown the fuck off of the welfare

### [Hook]

Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

### [Verse 2]

It's like Cambodia the killing fields uptown  
We live in distress and hang the flag upside down  
The sound of conservative politicians on television  
People in the hood are blind so they tell us to listen  
    They vote for us to go to war instantly  
    But none of their kids serving the infantry  
    The odds are stacked against us like a casino  
    Think about it, most of the army is black and latino  
    And if you can't acknowledge the reality of my words  
    You just another stupid mother fucker out on the curb  
Trying to escape from the ghetto with your ignorant ways  
    But you can't read history at an illiterate stage  
    And you can't raise a family on minimum wage  
Why the fuck you think most of us are locked in a cage  
    I give niggaz the truth, cause they pride is indigent  
    You better off rich and guilty than poor and innocent  
But I'm sick of feeling impotent watching the world burn  
    In the era of apocalypse waiting my turn  
I'm a Harlem nigga that's concerned with the future  
    And if your in my way it'd be an honor to shoot ya  
    Up root ya with the evil that grows in my people  
    Making them deceitful, cannibalistic and lethal

But I see through the mentality implanted in us  
And I educate my fam about who we should trust

*[Hook]*

Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Obnoxious"

Asshole  
Don't know me

I'm obnoxious, motherfucker can't you tell  
Run through Little Havana yelling, '¡Viva Fidel'  
Jerking off with the sheets when I stay at hotels  
Drinking Bacardi at AA meetings, smoking a L

I'm broke as hell, my attitude is no good  
Like working for white people after watching Rosewood  
So I'm a mercenary, I don't care how I get richer  
Like American companies that did business with Hitler

Get the picture, nigga? I'm the best of both worlds  
Without the hidden camera and the 12-year old girl  
Let's face it, you're basic, you aren't half the man that I am  
I'll throw your gang sign up, and then I'll spit on my hand

Give me a hundred grand, give me your watch, give me your chain  
That's your girl? Bitch, get over here, give me some brain  
I'll bust off on her face, and right after the segment  
She'll probably rub it in her pussy, tryna get herself pregnant

I said it I meant it, that's the way I deal with enemies  
Like pro-lifers that support the death penalty  
And don't talk about war when niggas know that you're puss  
A fucking hypocrite draft-dodger like George Bush

Don't push me, nigga, 'cause I'm close to the edge  
And I'll jump off with a rope that's wrapped around your head  
Send a dead fetus to my ex on Valentine's Day  
The safety's off nigga, so get the fuck out my way

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics  
I know that you hear it  
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it  
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick  
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit  
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age  
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage  
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride  
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside  
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live  
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live  
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Yeah, nigga

Look motherfucker, my words damage and slaughter  
A raging alcoholic like the president's daughters  
Disgusting flow like third-world-country tap water.  
But before I hit the border, someone give me a quarter

'Cause I'mma prank call, cop shot just for kicks  
Payback for every time that they called me a "spic"  
And Puerto-Rican chicks told me that I fuck like I'm loco  
And Dominican women call me the 'Rompe Toto'

They call me "ocioso", I'd rather get fired than quit  
I get unemployment, you work, and we making the same shit  
How dare you niggas criticize the way that I spit  
You coffee-shop revolutionary son of a bitch

But you know what the fuck I think is just pathetic and gay  
When niggas speculate what the fuck 'Pac would say  
You don't know shit about a dead man's perspective  
And talking shit'll get your neck bone disconnected

Disrespected niggas don't show no love  
Why you tryna be hardcore, you fucking homo-thug  
And don't be sensitive and angry at the shit that I wrote  
'Cause if you can take a fucking dick, you can take a joke

I'll choke your friends in front of you, to prove that you've fallen off  
And you won't do shit about it, like the Church during the Holocaust  
Kalashnikov machine gun flow that I fire  
Obnoxious until they shoot me on the day I retire

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics  
I know that you hear it  
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it  
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick  
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit  
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age  
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage  
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride  
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside  
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live  
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live  
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Damn, homie, in high school I beat the shit out of you and your man, homie  
Your girl wanna blow me and don't even know me  
She lonely and she thinks you're a phony  
I'll take a piss on a development deal from Sony, or Def Jam  
'Cause you're like all of the rest man  
This ain't a verse, it's shit talk at the end of the song  
And you can suck a dick if you think I ended it wrong  
Fuck you and I'm gone

Peace to the Stronghold, EOW  
Word-A-Mouf, Forbidden Chapters  
IAK niggas, Wax Poe, killin' you slow  
The Plague, I'll murder a show  
You don't even know  
Yeah, foul play nigga  
Harlem!

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Message & The Money"

*[Immortal Technique]*

Before we go any further..

I would like to send a message to all the underground mc's out there, working hard

The time has come to realize you networked in a market

and stop being a fucking commodity

And if you didn't understand what I've just said then you already waiting to get fucked

For example; a lot of these promoters are doing showcases

throwing events, and not even paying the workhorses

They trying get us to rock for the love of hiphop or rock for the exposure

Now look man, I don't mind doing a guest spot for my peeps

Or, or, or doing a benefit show, but don't lie to me pussy

Coz I find out I'm paying your lightbill, I'm fucking you up nigga

Besides, you ain't doing this for the love, you ain't doing it for the exposure

you charging up to 10\$ at the door, and you ain't tryin to give me shit??

So wait a minute... you want me to go shopping, cook the food, and put it in front of you

but you won't let me sit down and eat with you? The fuck is that?

Niggaz need to start playing their position, man. Just coz you throw a party

a hosting event or an open mic or a showcase, or a battle

that don't make you important at all

Without me and everybody like me out there

you ain't nutting but a good idea, motherfucker

So stay in your place

And to all these bitchass saronayas who are too lazy to come up with a way to sell records..

That they keep recycling marketing schemes and imagery

C'mon..

There is a market for everything man

There is a market for pet psychologists nigga. There is a market for twisted  
shifefish video's. For nipplerings, for riverdancing, for chocolate cupboard roaches..

But you can't find one for cultured hardcore reality and hiphop?

People like you: the house nigga executives

and them rich motherfuckers that own you; you the motherfucking machine man!

You and all these niggaz talking about the same shit

with the same flow over the same candy-ass beats

But I refuse the feed the machine

And Im not giving any magazine money

So maybe my album won't get 5 mics, or double-x-l's, or 5 discs

Whatever man, fuck it

But then again; you don't own me, and none of you niggaz ever will

If I'm feeling what you fight for I'm rolling with you to the end

But if not, then FUCK YOU!

And the more that mc's, producers, dj's

and independent labels start to grasp the conceptuality

of what their contribution to the business of hiphop is

rather then just the music - the more the industry will be forced to change

Oh, heh, and one last thing;

You don't have to agree with everything I've said  
But don't ever be condescending to me  
Picking up your wack ass friends that rhyme and being like  
'Ow yeah, Immortal Technique - he's aaiight'  
No nigga..  
Your mom is pussy, that's aaiight, ok..  
Your peoples getting shot dead in the street, that's aaiight  
I'm the motherfucking Immortal Technique nigga! The message and the money!  
And you ain't got either!  
Remember that!  
Punk ass motherfucker..

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Industrial Revolution"

[Verse 1]

Yeah nigga, Immortal Technique, metaphysics

The bling-bling era was cute but it's about to be done  
I leave you full eclipse like the moon blocking the sun  
my metaphors are dirty like herpes but harder to catch  
like an escape tunnel in prison I started from scratch  
and now these parasites wanna percent of asscap  
trying to control perspective like an acid flashback  
but here's a quotable for every single record exec  
"get your fucking hands out my pocket nigga" like Malcolm X  
but this ain't a movie, I'm not a fan or a groupie  
and I'm not that type of cat, you can afford to miss if you shoot me  
curse to heavens and laugh when the sky electrocutes me  
Immortal Technique stuck in your thoughts darkening dreams  
no ones as good as good as me, they just got better marketing schemes  
I leave you to your own destruction like sparking a fiend  
'cause you got jealousy in you voice like star scream  
and that's the primary reason that I hate you faggots  
I've been nice since niggas got killed over 8-ball jackets  
and Reebok Pumps that didn't do shit for the sneaker  
I'm a heatseaker with features that'll reach through the speaker  
and murder counter revolutionaries personally  
break a thermometer and force feed his kids mercury  
ANR's tried jerking me thinking they call shots  
offered me a deal and a blanket full of small pox  
your all getting shot, you little fucking treacherous bitches

[Hook]

This is the business, and you all ain't getting nothing for free  
and if you devils play broke, then I'm taking your company  
you can call it reparations or restitution  
lock and load nigga, industrial revolution

[Verse 2]

I want fifty three million dollars for my collar stand  
like the Bush administration gave to the Taliban  
and fuck packing grams nigga, learn to speak and behave  
you wanna spend twenty years as a government slave  
two million people in prison keep the government paid  
stuck in a six by eight cell alive in the grave  
I was made by revolution to speak to the masses  
deep in the club toast the truth, reach for the glasses  
I burn an orphanage just to bring heat to you bastards  
innocent deep in a casket, Colombian fashion  
intoxicated off the flow like thugs passion  
you motherfuckers will never get me to stop blastin'

your better off asking Ariel Sharon for compassion  
your better off banging for twenty points for a label  
your better off battling cancer under telephone cables

Technique chemically unstable, set to explode  
foretold by the dead sea scrolls written in codes  
so if your message ain't shit, fuck the records you sold  
'cause if you go platinum, it's got nothing to do with luck  
it just means that a million people are stupid as fuck  
stuck in the underground in general and rose to the limit  
without distribution managers, a deal, or a gimmick  
Revolutionary Volume 2, murder the critics  
and leave your fucking body rotten for the roaches and crickets

*[Hook]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Crossing The Boundary"

Danger! Beat bandits, nigga!

Yeah. Harlem to Chicago to L.A., to Toronto, Philly, motherfucking Rio De Janeiro, nigga  
Ha-ha. Cape Town, South Africa

I never make songs that disrespect women  
Or that judge people about the way that they're living  
But the way I am is based on the life I was given  
Like them white boys: 'Losing My Religion'

I used to be a Christian and a political pawn  
The Bible is right and all your native culture is wrong  
Next thing you know you telling me 'bout making a song  
Come in the studio, and tell me that I'm making it wrong

Pissed off 'cause reality is making us strong  
Like the ghost of Timothy McVeigh making a bomb  
'Ey yo Marvin Gaye, what the fuck is going on  
These rap niggas made propaganda out of your song

But it's the gong show, amateur night at the Apollo  
My dick is like my music, but harder to swallow  
So children follow me, like the pied piper  
And sing the chorus in the air, with your blunt in your lighter

Sing that shit nigga right now

You played yourself thinking your down with me  
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me  
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see  
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me  
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me  
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see  
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

The second verse is worse than the first in this respect  
Scripted specifically to keep people in check  
Harlem to Boston, real niggas spit with me  
But Landspeed, you ain't fucking shit to me

And underground labels know that I don't trust you  
You're only independent 'til you're major, so fuck you  
And if you're pissed off 'cause you think that I dissed you  
I'll rape your mom so we can make this a personal issue

'Dance With The Devil', remember that you're not on my level

Stupid, you're not ready, I won Disypher, Bragging Rights from Rocksteady

And practically every battle that they got in New York

And I still murder rappers on the street for sport

Doctor Guillotine cutting you short, little man

But you don't give me props 'cause I never won at Scribble Jam

Well, fuck you, I hope somebody you love dies, so fuck your crew

And fuck your family too

Technique said it bitch

What the fuck you gon' do?

You played yourself thinking your down with me

I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me

And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see

The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me

I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me

And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see

The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

Yeah. Wrap it up on these niggas. Wrap it up. Yeah

Immortal Technique incinerate degenerate fags

Burn Trent Lott, wrapped in his confederate flag

I got the Beretta with my face wrapped in a rag

So put the African slave jewelry in the bag

Motherfuckers tell me that a diamond is forever

What?

But is it worth the blood of Malcolm and Medgar Evers?

House niggas get your head severed trying to be thug

You don't concern me, I'm trying to hurt the people you love

Word of mouth is I'm in the club being sneaky

I'm like the body snatchers and your girl is getting sleepy

I'll murder you indiscreetly, right at the source

Like the Roman legionnaire that stabbed Christ on the cross

This is about Judo, it ain't about Jesus

And you shouldn't fucking talk about telekinesis

Nigga, please, moving shit with your mind

Try moving your moms out the projects with your rhymes

And next time, I'm coming after 'cual quiera' profanity

Fucking 'carajo maldita mierda'

Roll up 'de hierba, y pasala, para la isquierda'

Put the price up to listen to me pop shit

'Cause I got Martha Stewart giving me stock tips

Underground money with honeys up in the whip

Bangbus.com, nigga, fucking your bitch

Yeah, played yourself, nigga  
Fuck all ya, you don't know shit about me  
Why open your mouth and discuss who the fuck I am  
I thought I told you niggas on volume one, I wasn't fucking around  
You just slept, 'cause you sold a few thousand units in the golden era  
When niggas would buy anything on the shelf  
But those days are through, and you are through with them

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The 4th Branch"

### [Talking]

The new age is upon us  
And yet the past refuses to rest in its shallow grave  
For those who hide behind the false image of the son of man  
shall stand before God!!! It has begun  
The beginning of the end  
Yeah..  
Yeah... yeah, yeah

### [Verse 1]

The voice of racism preaching the gospel is devilish  
A fake church called the prophet Muhammad a terrorist  
Forgetting God is not a religion, but a spiritual bond  
And Jesus is the most quoted prophet in the Qu'ran  
They bombed innocent people, tryin' to murder Saddam  
When you gave him those chemical weapons to go to war with Iran  
This is the information that they hold back from Peter Jennings  
Cause Condoleeza Rice is just a new age Sally Hemmings  
I break it down with critical language and spiritual anguish  
The Judas I hang with, the guilt of betraying Christ  
You murdered and stole his religion, and painting him white  
Translated in psychologically tainted philosophy  
Conservative political right wing, ideology  
Glued together sloppily, the blasphemy of a nation  
Got my back to the wall, cause I'm facin' assassination  
Guantanamo Bay, federal incarceration  
How could this be, the land of the free, home of the brave?  
Indigenous holocaust, and the home of the slaves  
Corporate America, dancin' offbeat to the rhythm  
You really think this country, never sponsored terrorism?  
Human rights violations, we continue the saga  
El Salvador and the contras in Nicaragua  
And on top of that, you still wanna take me to prison  
Just cause I won't trade humanity for patriotism

### [Hook]

It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain  
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change  
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view of the ghetto  
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle  
A bandana full of glittering, generality  
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?  
Read about the history of the place that we live in  
And stop letting corporate news tell lies to your children

### [Verse 2]

Flow like the blood of Abraham through the Jews and the Arabs

Broken apart like a woman's heart, abused in a marriage  
The brink of holy war, bottled up, like a miscarriage  
Embedded correspondents don't tell the source of the tension  
And they refuse to even mention, European intervention  
Or the massacres in Jenin, the innocent screams  
U.S. manufactured missles, and M-16's  
Weapon contracts and corrupted American dreams  
Media censorship, blocking out the video screens  
A continent of oil kingdoms, bought for a bargain  
Democracy is just a word, when the people are starvin'  
The average citizen, made to be, blind to the reason  
A desert full of genocide, where the bodies are freezin'  
And the world doesn't believe that you fightin' for freedom  
Cause you fucked the Middle East, and gave birth to a demon  
It's open season with the CIA, bugging my crib  
Trapped in a ghetto region like a Palestinian kid  
Where nobody gives a fuck whether you die or you live  
I'm tryin' to give the truth, and I know the price is my life  
But when I'm gone they'll sing a song about Immortal Technique  
Who beheaded the President, and the princes and sheiks  
You don't give a fuck about us, I can see through your facade  
Like a fallen angel standing in the presence of God  
Bitch niggaz scared of the truth, when it looks at you hard

*[Hook]*

It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain  
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change  
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view in the ghetto  
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle  
A bandana full of glittering, generality  
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?  
Martial law is coming soon to the hood, to kill you  
While you hanging your flag out your project window

*[Talking]*

Yeah..

The fourth branch of the government AKA the media  
Seems to now have a retirement plan for ex-military officials  
As if their opinion was at all unbiased  
A machine shouldn't speak for men  
So shut the fuck up you mindless drone!  
And you know it's serious

When these same media outfits are spending millions of dollars on a PR campaign  
To try to convince you they're fair and balanced  
When they're some of the most ignorant, and racist people  
Giving that type of mentality a safe haven  
We act like we share in the spoils of war that they do  
We die in wars, we don't get the contracts to make money off 'em afterwards!  
We don't get weapons contracts, nigga!  
We don't get cheap labor for our companies, nigga!  
We are cheap labor, nigga!  
Turn off the news and read, nigga!  
Read... read... read...



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Internally Bleeding"

Yea... Yea... Ay yo  
The things I've seen in life will make you choke by surprise  
    Like an aborted fetus in a jar that opened it's eyes  
    Provoking my demise, I'll leave your spirit broken inside  
    Like the feeling of 50 million people hoping you'd die  
And niggaz wonder why my heart is full of hatred and anger  
Cause some bitch killed my first born son with a coat hanger  
    I strangled out the pain until my soul was empty and cold  
Crippled and worthless, so I thought that it could never be sold  
My mother told me that placing my faith in God was the answer  
    But then I hated God cause he gave my mother cancer  
    Killing her slow like the Feds did to the Black Panthers  
    The genesis of genocide is like a Pagan religion  
Carefully hidden, woven into the holidays of a Christian  
    I had a vision of nuclear holocaust on top of me  
And this is prophecy, the words that I speak from my lungs  
The severed head of John the Baptist speaking in tongues  
Like "Che Guevara" my soliloquies speak through a gun  
    Paint in slow motion like trees that reach for the sun  
    Nigga the preaching is done cause I don't got a DJ  
Like Reverend Run, I curse the life of any man who kills  
    Benevolent ones, I never asked to be the messenger  
But I was chosen to speak the words of every African slave  
    Dumped in the ocean, stolen by America  
Tortured, buried, and frozen written out of the history books  
Your children are holding, internally bleeding, cold blooded  
Stripped of emotion, I go through the motions, but there's no  
    Life in my eyes, it's like I'm hooked up to a respirator  
    Waiting to die, hooked up to the fucking chair  
    Waiting to fry, soothing an electrocution currently used  
In my execution, producing thoughts at the speed of light  
    Burning confusion, I'm loosing my sight, breathing is tight  
The evening is white, I made my peace with the Lord and now I  
    Stand on his right..

Death is a another part of life..  
These are my last words, I'm having difficultly breathing  
    Dying on the inside, internally bleeding  
    Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping  
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning  
    These are my last words, I'm having difficultly breathing  
    Dying on the inside, internally bleeding  
    Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping  
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Cause Of Death"

*[Talking]*

Immortal Technique

Revolutionary Volume 2

Yeah, broadcasting live from Harlem, New York

Let the truth be known..

*[Verse 1]*

You better watch what the fuck flies outta ya mouth

Or I'ma hijack a plane and fly it into your house

Burn your apartment with your family tied to the couch

And slit your throat, so when you scream, only blood comes out

I doubt that there could ever be...a more wicked MC

'Cause AIDS infested child molesters aren't sicker than me

I see the world for what it is, beyond the white and the black

The way the government downplays historical facts

'Cause the United States sponsored the rise of the 3rd Reich

Just like the CIA trained terrorists to the fight

Build bombs and sneak box cutters onto a flight

When I was a child, the Devil himself bought me a mic

But I refused the offer, 'cause God sent me to strike

With skills unused like fallopian tubes on a dyke

My words'll expose George Bush and Bin Laden

As two separate parts of the same seven headed dragon

And you can't fathom the truth, so you don't hear me

You think illuminati's just a fucking conspiracy theory?

That's why Conservative racists are all runnin' shit

And your phone is tapped by the Federal Government

So I'm jammin' frequencies in ya brain when you speak to me

Technique will rip a rapper to pieces indecently

Pack weapons illegally, because I'm never hesitant

Sniper scoping a commission controlling the president

*[Hook]*

Father, forgive them, for they don't know right from wrong

The truth will set you free, written down in this song

And the song has the Cause of Death written in code

The Word of God brought to life, that'll save ya soul..

Save ya soul motherfucker...save ya soul..

Yeah, yeah, yeah

*[Verse 2]*

I hacked the Pentagon for self-incriminating evidence

Of Republican manufactured white powder pestilence

Marines Corps. flack vest, with the guns and ammo

Spittin' bars like a demon stuck inside a piano

Turn a Sambo into a soldier with just one line  
Now here's the truth about the system that'll fuck up your mind  
They gave Al Queda 6 billion dollars in 1989 to 1992  
And now the last chapters of Revelations are coming true  
And I know a lot of people find it hard to swallow this  
Because subliminal bigotry makes you hate my politics  
But you act like America wouldn't destroy two buildings  
In a country that was sponsoring bombs dropped on our children  
I was watching the Towers, and though I wasn't the closest  
I saw them crumble to the Earth like they was full of explosives  
And they thought nobody noticed the news report that they did  
About the bombs planted on the George Washington bridge  
Four Non-Arabs arrested during the emergency  
And then it disappeared from the news permanently  
They dubbed a tape of Osama, and they said it was proof  
"Jealous of our freedom," I can't believe you bought that excuse  
Rocking a motherfucking flag don't make you a hero  
Word to Ground Zero  
The Devil crept into Heaven, God overslept on the 7th  
The New World Order was born on September 11

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

And just so Conservatives don't take it to heart  
I don't think Bush did it, 'cause he isn't that smart  
He's just a stupid puppet taking orders on his cell phone  
From the same people that sabotaged Senator Wellstone  
The military industry got it poppin' and lockin'  
Looking for a way to justify the Wolfowitz Doctrine  
And as a matter of fact, Rumsfeld, now that I think back  
Without 9/11, you couldn't have a war in Iraq  
Or a Defense budget of world conquest proportions  
Kill freedom of speech and revoke the right to abortions  
Tax cut extortion, a blessing to the wealthy and wicked  
But you still have to answer to the Armageddon you scripted  
And Dick Cheney, you fucking leech, tell them your plans  
About building your pipelines through Afghanistan  
And how Israeli troops trained the Taliban in Pakistan  
You might have some house niggas fooled, but I understand  
Colonialism is sponsored by corporations  
That's why Halliburton gets paid to rebuild nations  
Tell me the truth, I don't scare into paralysis  
I know the CIA saw Bin Laden on dialysis  
In '98 when he was Top Ten for the FBI  
Government ties is really why the Government lies  
Read it yourself instead of asking the Government why  
'Cause then the Cause of Death will cause the propaganda to die..

[Man talking]

He is scheduled for 60 Minutes next.  
He is going on French, British, Italian, Japanese television.  
People everywhere are starting to listen to him.

It's embarrassing

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Freedom Of Speech"

Freedom of speech, motherfucker  
Okay, something for the kids (hahaha)

*[Pinocchio]*

I got no strings to hold be down  
To make me fret or make me frown  
I had strings, but now I'm free  
I got no strings on me

*[Verse 1]*

Step into the club smoothly with a L in my hand  
Bitches know that I'm a freak like the elephant man  
Intelligent plans  
Fuck a record deal, I want development land  
With my benevolent clan  
And that's the reason that I only trust my fam  
40,000 records sold, 400 grand  
Fuck a middle man, I won't pay anyone else  
I'll bootleg it and sell it to the streets my self  
I'd rather be that than signed and stuck on a shelf  
And because of this executives try to diss me  
Racism frozen in time like Walt Disney  
And now they say they wanna get me signed to the majors  
If I switch up my politics and change my behavior  
Try to tell me what to rhyme about over the beat  
Bitch niggas that never spent a day in the street  
But I repeat that nobody can hold my reigns  
I put the truth on tracks nigga, simple and plain

*[Pinocchio]*

I got no strings, so I have fun  
I'm not tied up when we need one  
They've got strings but you can see  
There are no strings on me!

*[Verse 2]*

I guess to America I'm a disaster  
A slave that was destined to own his masters  
Independent in every single sense of the word  
I say what I want, you fuckin little sensitive herb  
This is America, I thought we had freedom of speech  
But now you want try to control the way that I speak  
And O'Reilly you think that you a patriot?  
You ain't nothing but a motherfuckin racist bitch  
Fulla hatred, pressin a button trying to inject me  
But I ain't got no motherfuckin deal with Pepsi  
No corporate sponser telling me what to do

Asking me to tone it down during the interview  
Tryin' to minimize the issue, but I'm keeping it large  
I love the place that I live, but I hate the people in charge  
Speakin is hard when you got strings attached  
So I'm a say it for you 'cause I ain't got none o' that  
And if you didn't understand what I spit at your brain  
Aiyyo son, let this little nigga explan:

[*Pinocchio*]  
I got no strings, so I have fun  
I'm not tied up when we need one  
They've got strings but you can see  
There are no strings on me!

Come on son, y'all niggas know the way I do  
Immortal Technique-dot-com live for you  
And I know sometimes it be making you nervous  
The way I snatch puppet rappers that belong in a circus  
You motherfuckers just can't compare  
Looking for a fan base that's no longer there  
I know that you're scared, and you're hidin' up in the cut  
But this is freedom of speech nigga, tell 'em what's up

Word nigga, fuck John Ashcroft! Nigga, fuck Fox News! Fuck those snake-ass  
bitches Tryin to manipulate your opinion, tellin you what to think  
Word the fuck up, like "we invaded niggas 'cause we want to free them"  
You racist motha fucka, you don't give a shit about those people  
You can suck my dick!!  
(hahahaha)

Another rum and coke at the bar, nigga  
Its my day off, word up  
Fuck, for the kids, (ha) for the kids (hahaha)  
Beat Bandits

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Leaving The Past"

They told me I would never make it, I would never achieve it  
Reality is nourishment, but people don't believe it  
I guess it's hard to stomach the truth like a bulimic  
It's a dirty game and nobody is willing to clean it  
But this is for the paraplegic, people dreamin' of runnin'  
Ladies married to men who don't please 'em, dreamin' of comin'  
Verbally murderous like David Berkowitz when I'm gunnin'  
Some cowards on the Internet didn't think I would sell  
Scared to talk shit in person, 'cause they stuck in a shell  
And couldn't understand the pain of being stuck in a cell  
Hell is not a place you go, if you're not a Christian  
It's the failure of your life's greatest ambition  
It's a bad decision to blindly follow any religion  
I don't see the difference in between the wrong and the wrong  
Soldiers emptyin' their clips at little kids and their moms  
Are just like a desperate motherfucker strapped to a bomb  
Humanity's gone, smoked up in a gravity bong  
By a democrat republican Cheech and Chong  
Immortal Technique, you never heard me preach in a song  
I'm not controversial, I'm just speakin' the facts  
Put your hands in the air like you got the heat to your back  
And shake your body like a baby born addicted to crack  
And since life's a gamble like the craps tables at Vegas  
I freestyle my destiny, it's not written in pages

I hate it when they tell us how far we came to be  
As if our people's history started with slavery  
Painfully I discovered the shit they kept a secret  
This is the exodus like the black Jews out of Egypt  
I keep it reality based with the music I make  
Blow up the truth in your face with the style I run with  
Like the Navy missile that shot down Flight 800  
I'm like the Africans who came here before Columbus  
And from the fifteen hundreds until after the morrow  
I watch Latin America get raped in the sorrow  
You see the Spaniards never left despues de Colon  
And if you don't believe me, you can click on Univision  
I never seen so much racism in all of my life  
Every program and newscast, all of them white  
It's like Apartheid with 10 percent ruling the rest  
That type of stress 'll make me put the fucking tool to your chest  
Step in my way nigga, I wouldn't wanna be ya  
I burn slow like pissing drunk with gonorrhea  
I'll do a free show in North Korea, burning the flag  
While J. Edgar Hoover politicians dress up in drag  
Try to confuse you, makin' it hard to follow this:  
Capitalism and democracy are not synonymous

You swallow propaganda like a birth control pill  
Sellin' your soul to the eye on the back of the dollar bill  
But that will never be me, 'cause I'm leavin' the past  
Like an abused wife with the kids, leavin' your ass  
Like a drug addict clean and sober, leavin' the stash  
Unbreakable Technique leavin' the plane crash  
I'm out with the black box and I refuse to return  
I spit reality, instead of what you usually learn  
And I refuse to be concerned with condescending advice  
'Cause I'm the only motherfucker that could change my life

Some people think I won't make it  
But I know that I will  
Escape the emptiness  
'Cause that shit is slow and it kills  
The flow and the skill  
I made y'all believe that it last  
You can make the future  
But it starts with leaving the past

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "You Never Know"

(feat. Jean Grae)

*[Immortal Technique:]*

She was on her way to becoming a college graduate  
Wouldn't even stop to talk to the average kid  
The type of Latina I'd sit and contemplate marriage with  
Fuck the horse and carriage shit, her love was never for hire  
Disciplined, intellectual beauty is what I desire  
Flyer than Salma Hayek or Jennifer Lopez  
Everyone told me, kickin' it to her was hopeless  
At first I just thought she didn't mess with broke kids  
The thug niggas always talking about how they smoke kids  
But the rich-sniff-coke kids got no play  
"I'm not even interested" is what her body language would say  
Everyone around the way gave up trying to get in it  
It didn't matter how good your game was, she wasn't with it  
On the block, bitches was jealous but wouldn't admit it  
Talk shit, and deny to everyone that they did it, 'cause they regretted the long list of niggas that they let hit it  
And no one ever gave them shit except McDonald's and did-dick  
Smoking weed, with thoughts of envy whenever they lit it  
She spoke intelligently and they bit it, always trying to copy  
But when they tried to use her vocab they sounded sloppy  
She had a style, all her own, respectful and pure  
I was sick in the head for her, and there wasn't a cure

*[Jean Grae:]*

Don't you know that time waits for no man?  
My fate, it's all planned  
I'm blessed just to know you  
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night  
Can't find a reason why  
God came between you and I  
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go  
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

*[Immortal Technique:]*

Her eyes are brown and beautiful, yet empty and sad  
I used to talk to her occasionally, and she was glad  
That I wasn't just another nigga trying to get in it  
So every now and then we'd stop and talk for a minute  
I didn't have a gimmick, so the minutes turned to hours  
On her birthday I gave her a poem with flowers  
Then I took her out to dinner after her cousin's baby shower  
We talked about power to the people and such  
We spent more time together, but it was never enough  
I never tried to sneak a touch or even cop a feel  
I was too interested in keeping it real  
Perfectly honest and complete

She would always call me "cariño" and never Technique  
Bought me a new book to read every two or three weeks  
Forever changing the expression of my thoughts when I speak  
It was because of her I even deaded all of my freaks  
She convinced me to stop hanging out on the streets  
To stop robbin' and stealing from people like you  
Instead I took her out to the Apollo and the Bronx Zoo  
Museo del Barrio, and the Metropolitan too  
Got to the point when I was either with her or my crew  
So I decided one day to tell her my feelings was true  
I couldn't live without her, so I told her, facing my fears  
But honey's only response was a face full of tears  
She could only sob hysterically, holding me tight  
I tried to speak, but she wouldn't stop until I left sight  
I felt like a moth who got himself too close to the light  
Except I didn't burn, I turned cold after that night

*[Jean Grae:]*

Don't you know that time waits for no man?

My fate, it's all planned

I'm blessed just to know you

I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night

Can't find a reason why

God came between you and I

If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go

Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

*[Immortal Technique:]*

I went on with my life, college and my career

Ended up locked up like an animal for a year

Where the C.O.'s talk to you like they were the overseer

Then I got sent to the hole when my exit was near

At night in my cell, I'd close my eyes and I'd see her

Hold her close in my dreams, but when I woke she disappeared

Just an empty cell until the state gave me parole

In the summer, came back, intact and on track

But the fact of the matter is I still felt cold

Even after my mother hugged me, crying at home

My real niggas would catch me thinking, outta my zone

Fucking lots of different women, but I still felt alone

Relatively well-known around the New York underground

But I kept thinking of her and how we used to be down

The sound of her voice, and the beautiful smell of her hair

Though gone physically, somehow it was still there

I had to do something because the shit was too much to bear

So I went and visited the building where she used to live

The world looks a lot different after you do a bid

The way your life done changed

While primitive minds are still stuck in the same game

Like her cousin who was on the corner, slanging cocaine

Stepped in the lobby, and tapped the button next to her last name

Her mom buzzed me up and hugged me up like a mother oughta

But her facial expression changed

When I asked about her daughter

*[Jean Grae:]*

Don't you know that time waits for no man?

My fate, it's all planned

I'm blessed just to know you

I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night

Can't find a reason why

God came between you and I

If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go

Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

*[Immortal Technique:]*

She told me that there was a note, for me, that was left behind

And she had left it there waiting for such a long time

I was inclined to ask about it, but she brought it up first

I saw a tear swelling up in her eye, and then she cursed

She told me where the letter was, and I started thinking the worst

Reversed my position, stepped over and opened the door

And sure enough there was an envelope

With my name on the floor: "Nobody loves you more than me, cariño," is what the letter said

"By the time you get to read this, I'll probably be dead

But when you left in '97, a part of me went to Heaven

I thank God at least I got to know what love really was

But it hurt me to see what true love really does

'Cause even though we never made love

You were all that there was

It was because I loved you so much that I had to make you leave

You made me doubt the way I thought

You made me want to believe

And then I slipped up, and I let you get close to me

It was hard to not be openly when people spoke to me

This was not the way I thought my life was supposed to be

Baby, don't you see?

I had a blood transfusion that left me with HIV

Hope didn't exist for me since late in 1993

I died a virgin, I wish I could've given myself to you

I cried in the hospital because there was no one else but you

Promise that you'll meet me in Paradise inevitably

No matter what, I'll keep your love forever with me"

What happened for the rest of the day is still a blur

But I remember wishing that I was dead, instead of her

She was buried on August 3rd

The story ends without a sequel; and now you know why Technique don't fucking fall in love with people

Hold the person that you love closely if they're next to you

The one you love, not the person that'll simply have sex with you

Appreciate them to the fullest extent and then beyond

'Cause you never really know what you got until it's gone



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "One (Remix)"

(feat. Akir)

### [Intro]

[Akir:] Yo tech, it's the last call baby it's good

[Immortal Technique:] Yeah, you know a remix just feels right dog?

[Akir:] Before we get outta here, you gotta drop one last gem on them  
Knahmsayin?

[Immortal Technique:] No question, it's like the elders told me  
No one person can do anything, but everyone can do something  
So we gotta rep, for all the niggaz that ain't here right now  
[Akir:] The outro tip, the One Remix, yo

### [Akir]

One Enterprises, comprises the artist and the sound  
The pen and paper plays my savior while I'm getting down  
Pray for my nieghbors as a favor for holding me down  
Slave for my papers as I savor the way that it pounds  
It's underground, but the blatent vibrations widely found  
Facing the nation complacent radio stations now  
Stop hesitaing and contemplating the way we paitient  
Start motivating and get them playin the shit we sayin  
Ain't no delayin in this war that we gettin slayed in  
Cause times a waistin while we stand adjacent to abrasions  
They foulz are more than flagrant  
And so I see the prisons cages while I pound the pavement  
Looking for payment saying fuck enslavement  
Usin the tools of old ancients  
Announcing my engagment to this music that we making  
Ain't no faking on tracks, and we ain't never come wack (never!)  
Immortal Technique and Akir y'all niggaz fear us that's a wrap  
It's like

### [Hook]

One love  
One music  
One people  
One movement  
One heart  
One spark  
One, One, One, One  
One gift  
One lift  
One stance  
One shift  
One way  
One day  
One, One, One, One

*[Immortal Technique]*

Immortal Technique in the trenches with my nigga Akir  
Our family survived the genocides so we can be here  
And now we enterprise the aftermath, one in the same  
Living the revolution 'till we catch one in the brain  
And even then my spirit will return in heavenly form  
And wipe the chess board clean, of my enemies pawns  
The red don communist threat, buried and gone  
So they invented a war, the government can carry on  
It makes me wonder if the word of god is lost in the man  
This is for the children of Iraq, lost in the sand  
This is for the illest emcees that'll never be known  
And this is for all the soldiers that'll never come home  
I wrote this for Momia, stuck in a beast  
For people who, march in the streets, and struggle for peace  
For hood niggaz, born rugged, never rocking Versace  
Eddie Ramirez's cousin George, and my old friend Sashi  
Chris from the block, and all my niggaz stuck in a cell  
Paul Wolfowitz, motherfucker I'll see you in hell  
My destiny is to show the world, that the music is real  
Go back in time and play this shit, for the slaves in the field  
And for my children in the future, waiting to breathe  
People slowly dying hanging on, waiting to leave  
Believe when I'm gone, and this album's on a library shelf  
I'll be one with god and one with you and everything else

*[Hook]*

*[Immortal Technique talking]*

Yeah..

Revolutionary Volume 2 has been brought to you  
By the type of motherfuckers who ain't scared of shit  
And if you playing this album, and I'm no longer here  
And sometime far away from when I recorded this  
Remember that history  
Isn't the way the corporate controlled media made it look like  
Read between the lines and free your mind  
Revolution is the birth of equality  
And the anti-thesis to oppression  
But this is only built for real motherfuckers  
So when I'm gone, don't let nobody I never got along with  
Try to make songs kissing my ass, recycling my beats or my vocals  
The shit is real over here man  
Thank you for listening, and thank you for supporting independent Hip Hop  
The heart and soul of our culture  
Keeping the truth alive  
Goodnight my people.. goodnight..